Eu. Pray you locke hand in hand: your ſelues in order ſet.
And twenty glo-wormes ſhall our Lanthornes bee
To guide our Meaſure round about the Tree.
But ſtay, I ſmell a man of middle earth.
Fal. Heauens defend me from that Welſh Fairy,
Leſt he transforme me to a peece of Cheeſe.
Piſtoll. Vilde worme, thou waſt ore-look'd euen in thy birth.
Qui. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end;
If he be chaſte, the flame will backe deſcend,
And turne him to no paine: but if he ſtart,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted hart.
Piſt. A triall, come.
Euan. Come: will this wood take fire?
Fal. Oh, oh, oh.
Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire.
About him (Fairies) ſing a ſcornfull rime,
And as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

The Song.

Fie on ſinnefull phantaſie: Fie on Luſt, and Luxurie.
Luſt is but a bloudy fire, kindled with vnchaſte deſire,
Fed in heart whoſe flames aſpire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him (Fairies) mutuall: Pinch him for his villanie.
Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,
Till Candles, and Star-light, and Moone-ſhine be out.

Page. Nay doe not flye, I thinke wee haue watcht you now; Will none but *Herne* the Hunter ſerue your turne?
M. Page. I pray you come, hold vp the ieſt no higher.
Now (good Sir *Iohn*) how like you *Windſor* wiues?
See you theſe husband? Do not theſe faire yoakes
Become the Forreſt better then the Towne?
Ford. Now Sir, who's a Cuckold now?

Maſter